



Maybe I Did



20 0 2

Chapter 1 by Strawberrychan17

I honestly didn't realize that I cared...that is...until I did.

I met her on a fall afternoon when the sun was shining golden through all the orange and yellow leaves that pirouetted to the ground. Always on my way back from the rock, my safe place. I, of course would stand mesmerized every evening overcome by the bright colors.

Then, on one of the more prominently bright and golden days, she appeared.

Wearing a cream sweater and a grey winter hat and all too perfect fitting jeans, her frame was silhouetted by the sun. On her feet she wore tall, leather-brown boots. Her brown hair blew slightly in the breeze. No one, nothing could have prepared me for how much she taught me.

Anyways, to continue our meeting she had a collection of books piled high in her arms. Humming, she smiled and said hello with a sweet voice that reminded me of so many good childhood memories. Suddenly I stopped, why had I never seen her on this walk before? She seemed quite familiar with the area.

Just as she was almost over the hill I started running to her, yelling and shouting at her to wait. Turning around to face me, she asked why I was running and screaming at her like a maniac.

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It took me a moment to catch my breath before I could speak.

"Do-do you come here often?"

"Yes...why?" she said with a hint of a smile and a sparkle in her eyes.

"I always thought that I was alone out here."

"Oh...well I think that it is just me and you...I haven't ever seen anybody else out here, and I don't plan on telling anybody if that's what you're worried about"

So she had been to the rock. My secret hiding place where I thought I was safe and isolated from the world. My first impulse was to be angry at her, but there was an optimism to her that I couldn't help but be attracted to.

Shifting the books in her arms, she gave me a smile that looked a little bit winded.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to be troublesome to you...I'll go now." I apologized as I began to go on my way.

Laughing at me for a second, she turned in my direction and shouted.

"My name is Bryn by the way!"

I paused for a moment. Where had I hear that name before? I decided on asking her when I wasn't in somebody's way, as usual.

After all....there was always later. Or so I thought.

I spent the rest of the day in fear of whether Bryn was a liar or not. I had been lied to before, I was certainly not a very trusting person.

When I reached my house, I walked inside, up the stairs, and into my room. My millions of paper cranes littered the floor, my desk, and the chairs. I needed to organize them like I did every year, but I honestly just hadn't had the time to even fold my laundry this week.

Why was I so busy? Well...I spent my afternoons at the rock and my mornings in school. My parents were nice but there was a weird connection between each of us. So we spent our days in a daze.

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Yes, we are a very peculiar family.

Still...I always felt like something was missing.

But ever since that afternoon, I had stopped going to the rock. Strangely enough, I wasn't nervous or sad, or even very concerned about my isolation from the outside world at all, for that whole month for that matter. And yet, I had failed to notice if that girl had shown herself anywhere else. Not once had she passed my house. Not that I really cared about it that much. She had her own life and I had mine (well at least I hoped I did). But it did make me wonder if she had that same calming effect on everybody else like she did with me.

Tapping my fingers on my desk, I stared out the window as though I was expecting her to walk by. I did that almost every day after school now. Hoping, wishing that she would walk by on her way to the rock so I could go with her and know that she had kept her secret promise to me. At least I hoped it was for me and not just for herself.

Then one day, out of the blue, she passed by.

Though she had another guy walking with her. A sensation of jealousy pounded through my head.

I spent that whole night with a horrific headache.

Out of eventual exhaustion, I fell asleep.

The calming effect had dissolved itself out of my system. Maybe all I needed was a visit to the rock. Although the idea frightened me because I hadn't gone there in weeks. There were nights where all I would do was dream about the rock.

Slowly I became familiar with the dreams and just tried to sleep through them. It never really worked though. Eventually I just gave up hope of ever really going back to being normal. Maybe the rock was just such a big part of my life that I didn't want to live without it.

I didn't sleep at all that night.

When I couldn't stand being in bed any longer, I got out of bed and pulled myself to my closet.

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Dressing myself at a speed that seemed to increase as I moved, I finally permitted myself downstairs. Grabbing a peach from the bowl on the counter, I dropped it into my

backpack.

I almost gagged when I realized what time it was. It was still two in the morning. Rubbing my eyes- I tried to wake myself up slowly. It wasn't working, but it didn't matter to me at that point. Opening the front door in silence- I slipped out into the the frozen morning.

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